

YOU'D BETTER CHERISH HIM.

There are husbands who are pretty. There are husbands who are witty. There are husbands who are smiling as the moon. There are husbands who are healthy. There are husbands who are wealthy. But the real angelic husband—well, he's never yet been born!

Some for strength of love are noted. Who are really so devoted. That when their wives are absent they are lonesome and forlorn. And while now and then you'll find one. Who's a fairly good and kind one. Yet the real angelic husband—oh, he's never yet been born!

So the woman who is mated To the man who may be rated As pretty fair should cherish him forever and a day.

For the real angelic creature, Perfect, quite, in every feature, He has never been discovered, and he won't be, so they say.

A LUCKY RUSSIAN.

In the heart of the Ural mountains, which divide Siberia from Russia, stand the largest sheet iron works in the universe. Owned and managed by the Russian government, they constitute an entire city and are fortified like a fort against the rest of the world.

Russian sheet iron, as every one knows, is the strongest and best produced by any nation, and the process of its manufacture is jealously guarded by the authorities. One who enters the service of the company never again sees the outside world. He gives up everything—freedom, family, friends, all for the sum of a few pitiful rubles a month delivered where he chooses. He is there in the works, but he might as well be in his grave. Not a word can be obtained concerning him, and should he live 20 years after entering the service or die the next day not even his family would be the wiser, unless the stoppage of the monthly stipend revealed the fate of the man. Once in awhile one tries to escape; not often, however, for they are always caught and always shot—as a warning to others—for the attempted treachery.

It was a crisp October night in the little village of Obvinsk, about 200 miles from the great iron works. The weather was sharp, the trees and vegetation turned to a reddish brown—all but the lichens and mosses, which seemed to crouch into the very bowlders in their effort to shield themselves from the howling wind, sweeping knife-like from the snow-covered Ural.

Petroff Norvitski entered his poor hut as his wife Kartina placed their scant supper of dry bread and potatoes on the little fire table, on which flickered and flared a bit of candle end stuck in a gourd for candlestick.

"I am tired through, wife," said Petroff, "and will go to bed, but check the light; I go; sunshine is never up before clouds. True, it always backs of the I can get the crops have failed and I can get no work, but the Blessed Virgin will surely see us through the winter."

And with a tender kiss to wife and babies Petroff sought the rest he so much needed. He shut his eyes, but not to sleep, and only to turn over and over in his fevered brain the probability of seeing his family starve and freeze. He was brighter, more hopeful, when he rose next morning, but any one could have seen that his cheerfulness was mostly assumed. Eating his breakfast—one potato again—Petroff kissed the babies more tenderly than usual, and evading his wife's questions as to where he was going he bade her keep up her heart and once more left the house.

But once out of sight of her eyes he flung himself down by the roadside, and, strong man as he was, he bowed his head in his hands and sobbed like a child. But Petroff was a sturdy fellow, and after a few moments given to uncontrollable grief he wiped away his tears and strode down the highway. From time to time he begged a bit of bread from a passing serf, and when nightfall settled over the valley crawled into a thicket and sunk into a heavy sleep. The sun was peeping bold and brassy over the Ural mountains before he awoke and stiff and sore began again his tramp toward the iron works. It had crossed the meridian, the shadows were lengthening, and still not a morsel of food had passed his lips this day, every one of whom he had begged a bite needing it for their own uses.

Suddenly to the right a gunshot sounded, and a partridge fell within reach.

"A providence for me!" cried Petroff, joyously seizing and thrusting it under his jacket and looking about him to make sure that the sportsman had missed the effect of his shot. As soon as he dared he stopped, made a fire and cooked the bird, and though he ate it without bread or salt it gave him strength to keep his way. Sleeping in the night air had stiffened and made his bones ache, so he had decided that he would not again try to think if he could help it, and as night had come on dark and murky he began to look about him for a place of shelter. He was then, though he did not know it, passing the estate of the celebrated Count Romanoff.

Looming through the darkness stood the great turreted castle with its battlemented walls and close by the highway a barn, into which Petroff slipped through an open window and stretched himself on the sweet smelling hay, his troubles for the time forgotten in slumber.

It was pitch dark and close on to midnight when the sound of voices roused him—suppressed voices talking in cautious tones, which at once awakened his suspicions. He lay still and listened.

"But this isn't the stable," a voice at the door murmured complainingly.

"No, devil take it," replied another, "I took the wrong turn; the stables are back of the castle. Come on. Get three of the best horses in the stable, you know, to the lodge, a tidy addition, you know, to the ransom we will get for the capture of Romanoff. It is 12 o'clock now. We must be at the rendezvous by 3. Hurry; we have no time to lose here."

Norvitski lay still till the sound of their footsteps died in the distance. Then he arose and dropped from the window by which he had entered, hurried to the castle and rattled the knocker vigorously. A servant responded and inquired what was wanted.

"Your master," said Petroff. "I must see him at once."

"Return tomorrow," said the man. "The count's abed, fatigued by hunting."

"I must see him now, I tell you," Petroff persisted. "It is life or death! Go, as I bid you."

Guessing from Norvitski's manner that something serious did demand his master's attention, the servant obeyed, and Petroff five minutes later was entering the room where the count, in dressing gown and slippers, sat upon the edge of his bed sleepily rubbing his eyes and considerably exasperated at his interrupted nap.

"What do you want, fellow?" cried he angrily as Petroff entered. "What mean you by disturbing me at this unseasonable hour?"

"To secure your safety, sir, perhaps," Petroff answered boldly, and in a few words told his story. The count, when Petroff finished, was no longer yawning, but angry and alert.

"Well," said he, "if that isn't impudence! Once, some years ago, the Kroski pass brigands caught me and made me pay a round price for freedom, but who would have dreamed of their venturing to the castle to try the game again? This time, if I know myself, we'll turn the tables!"

And the count jerked the bell. The same man that had answered Petroff's knock and awakened the count answered the summons and was told the details.

"There's no use rousing the house master," said he, "unless you order it. We three can manage them. They can get in only by the scullery windows, and we'll have them when they enter the house."

A plan arranged, they noiselessly started below stairs, the count carrying a lantern over which he had thrown a cloak to hide its rays. Taking their stand in cautious silence, they feverishly awaited events. As the castle clock struck 1, as if it had been a signal, a file was heard swiftly and noiselessly cutting the iron grating. In a short time a section of grating was out, and a wolf-like tread was heard in the darkness, followed quickly by another. As the muffled feet drew near the door leading above the brigands found themselves suddenly covered with light and the yawning muzzles of three cavalry pistols. Resistance was useless. Three men were more than a match for two. They helplessly suffered themselves to be bound, disarmed and thrown like a bundle of fagots in the corner to await the arrival of the officers the next morning.

"Norvitski, my friend," said the count, "you have saved my life possibly and are a rich man besides. Twenty thousand rubles reward has been offered for the capture of these men, dead or alive. You are the most desperate brigands and wretches that ever cursed Russia. Twenty thousand rubles reward, of which you, Norvitski, shall have every kopeck. Why, man, what are you crying about?"

"For joy, my lord," Petroff responded and breathlessly told his sad story.

"I could not see the difference, my wife and babies, good as dead," he cried. "I thought I was going to the iron works, but now, thanks to the Blessed Virgin, I can return to my home, to Kartina, to the children, whom I never expected to see again."

"Exactly," said the count, "and in one of my finest sledges too."

The astonishment of the villagers when this splendid equipage with furs, footmen, outriders and jingling bells drew up to Norvitski's humble hut, and Norvitski himself, assisted by a footman, got out—well, I leave you to imagine it, as well as Kartina's joy, who did not dream where her husband had gone.

The brigands were promptly exiled to Siberia, the reward paid in full, and today if a happy man exists in Russia Petroff Norvitski is that one.—From the Russian.

Cave Dwellers in Brooklyn.

It is true enough that one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, and it is likely that some residents of the Brooklyn heights are unaware of the cave dwellers who eat and sleep within 50 feet of their back windows. In cutting down the hill front to lay out a new street a precipitous face of gravel was left, and instead of making an easy slope from the crest of the heights to the water's edge the gravel was kept in place by a heavy retaining wall. This wall has been pierced in several places, however, so that it has become the front of a row of underground houses, vertical caves that extend back for about 30 feet into the hill, the lawns and gardens of the rich people overhead constituting their roofs. In these caves there are saloons, shops, storerooms and tenements. They are dark and rather damp, as they have no light or air except on the street side.—New York Sun.

An Improvement in Glass Globes.

It is well known that opaque globes absorb a very large amount of the light of globe if used a dark shadow is cast directly below the lamp. To avoid these difficulties a new style of globe has been brought out in France made of transparent glass with circular depressions, having such faces as to form lenses (similar to the well known lighthouse lenses), the curvatures of which are so calculated that they refract and reflect so as to diffuse the light. Such globes may be made of pressed glass or blown glass, much more economically than absorbing opal or ground glass globes.—New York World.

Is Cleveland to Return Harrison's Favor?

The promotion of Judge J. N. Scott, brother-in-law to President Harrison, to the newly created office of superintendent of construction of public buildings on the Pacific coast has given rise to the rumor that the president will request his successor that Judge Scott be retained in office by the incoming administration. Mr. Cleveland made a similar request four years ago of Mr. Harrison. The former had appointed Benjamin Folsom, Mrs. Cleveland's brother, to the lucrative office of United States marshal at Sheffield, England. The salary is \$2,500 per annum and perquisites aggregating another \$1,000.

When Cleveland retired from office he requested of his successor to retain Folsom in office, and President Harrison evidently considered this proposition in a favorable manner, for the reason that Folsom is about the only Democrat who is holding a consular office of any importance abroad. Another relation of Mr. Cleveland's, a nephew, has held the office of special deputy United States marshal in one of the northwestern states during the last four years.

The salary of the new office held by Judge Scott is nine dollars per day and traveling expenses, all of which is about equivalent to Folsom's remuneration. The duties of the office require constant traveling between cities where public buildings are being constructed. The officer examines the progress of the work and reports to the head office in Washington city.—Cor. Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A Brave New York Girl.

Miss Carrie Horton is a brick and a heroine as well. After she had lowered a ladder from a blazing factory and saved the lives of her companions she merely said that she had done "what anybody would have done under the circumstances." Not at all, Carrie. Most faintly, it is true, but like a true woman not until the danger was over. It seems to us that you ought to have a testimonial—something between a gold watch and a monument.—New York World.

FARRAGUT IN BRONZE.

The Naval Hero to Be Honored by a Statue at Boston.

One of the most interesting events connected with the approaching twenty-fourth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Boston will be the dedication of the statue of Admiral Farragut in Marine park.

The statue is the work of Sculptor H. H. Kitson. It is of bronze and shows the redoubtable naval hero standing sternly erect facing the wind with a pair of fieldglasses in his right hand and his left hand hanging easily at his side.

Every line of the powerful and weather-beaten face is strongly set forth, and the whole figure is most natural. The statue is perfect in detail, even the texture of the uniform being discernible.

The figure is 8 feet 6 inches high, and the pedestal, which is of dark blue Quincy granite, is 10 feet 6 inches in height.

Mr. Loyall Farragut of New York, son of the admiral, is expected to be present at the dedication.

The reunion is expected to be one of the most successful in the history of the society. The meetings will be held in historic Faneuil hall, and elaborate preparations for the entertainment of the veterans have been made. Rev. Horace Little, ex-chaplain United States volunteers, is to be the orator, and Richard Watson Gilder will read a poem written for the occasion.

THE FALCON AND HER CAPTAIN.

They Will Take Lieutenant Peary to the Coast of Greenland.

The steam sealer Falcon of St. John's, Newfoundland, which is to convey the Peary expedition to Greenland, is considerably larger and faster than the Kite, which performed a like service for the previous expedition. The Falcon is 100 feet long, 24 feet beam and 17 feet 2 inches depth of hold. The Kite was 117 feet long, 26 feet beam and 13 feet deep in the hold. The Falcon is admittedly the strongest and fastest of the sealing fleet.

She is a fast steamer, and can sail almost as fast as the steamers. Her average speed is 9 knots, while that of the Kite was but 6 1/2 or 7.

The Falcon is fitted with a regular 2-bladed whaling propeller. When under sail or in danger of being nipped in the ice, the blades can be placed vertically.

Captain Henry Bartlett, who will command the vessel, has been conspicuously successful as a sealer and a fisherman, though he is not yet 29 years old. His father and grandfather were famous sealers before him, and he made his first trip when he was but 14 years old. When he was 17, he was second in command of the steam sealer Panther. Since then he has been in command of the steamers Nimrod, Neptune, Hector and Algernine and has not only made successful sealing trips in each of them, but he sailed the across the Atlantic and up the Mediterranean. Last year during a sealing cruise he circumnavigated the island of Newfoundland, something unheard of in recent years.

Soon afterward he was offered the command of a new ship to be built and equipped under his sole direction. He accepted and went to England to have the vessel built. There, however, he saw the gunboat Algernine, which the navy department had for sale. He purchased her and had her altered at Dundee, brought her across to Newfoundland and made a fairly good catch in a season of almost total failure.

Captain Bartlett is nearly 6 feet tall, of muscular, well made figure, frank countenance and cheerful disposition. He knows every rock, shoal and current to the northern end of Labrador and has had sufficient experience with ice navigation to make up for his lack of acquaintance with the arctic region. Dunphy, the second mate of the Kite; "Larry," the steward, and a number of the crew sail with the Falcon on this voyage.

A Test For Drunkenness.

A simple but effective test to decide whether a man is drunk or sober was described by a medical man who gave evidence in an English court. Two colliers who were charged with drunkenness went to the doctor 10 minutes after they were seen by the police. The doctor made them walk up and down the surgery, which they did in a straight line, and they then stood erect with their eyes closed and held their arms at length with extended fingers. The witness affirmed that the latter was a severe ordeal for persons under the influence of alcohol, and as the colliers passed through it without signs of shakiness the charge against them was dismissed.

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New Advertisements.

The Question of the Hour.

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5 cent, green.....	50
10 cent, black.....	4 00
10 cent, vermilion.....	6 00
10 cent, brown.....	50
12 cent, mauve.....	6 00
15 cent, brown.....	5 00
18 cent, red.....	10 00
20 cent, purple.....	25 00
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2 cent envelope.....	2 00
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